

-No, this is not Our Paper-Boy



Seventy-year-old Milton Hiller, of Redruth, Cornwall, has worn the same top-hat and frock coat for twenty years—and he's the champion newspaper boy in Cornwall. Hope the papers are a later edition than his hat!

And now we come to a mixed bag of

Stuart Martin asks for your verdict on another Unsolved Crime

THE CASE OF THE OUTLAWEED WITNESS

THE Lord Justice-clerk is speaking to the jury in the High Court of Judiciary, Edinburgh, one winter's day in December, 1893.

"This case," he says, "is purely one of circumstantial evidence. Everything in it depends on inferences to be drawn, and it is quite certain that, in a case where the evidence is purely circumstantial, if every link in it is a sound link, and is well welded into the next, there cannot be a stronger case than that."

In the dock was a well-educated man of middle age, Alfred John Monson, accused on two counts: of murdering, and of attempting to murder, Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough, aged 20, a lieutenant in the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment.

The case was conducted in the traditional Scots manner—unemotional, coldly argumentative, logically clear on both sides. There were 94 witnesses, many of them experts, including Sir H. Littlejohn (medical authority), Dr. Matther Hay, Dr. Joseph Bell (original of Sherlock Holmes), and others.

The jury returned a Scots verdict—Not Proven. This means that the accused can go free, but is under a cloud and...

HAD YOU BEEN THERE.

It was called the Ardnamont Mystery, because the scene of the tragedy was near Ardnamont House, in Argyllshire. What would you have voted if you had been a jurymen?

Windsor D. C. Hambrough—known generally as Cecil—was son of Major Hambrough, who held a life interest in the family estates, producing between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. But the Major had financial difficulties and had some business relations with a Mr. Tottenham, of London. Mr. Tottenham introduced Alfred John Monson as a fit person to undertake the tuition of Cecil. That was in 1890. Monson's fees were £300 per annum.

Monson lived with his wife and children in Ripley, and there Cecil Hambrough lived with them. Monson, in trying

to extricate Major Hambrough from some financial difficulty, caused a coolness on the Major's part, and the latter asked his son to come home. But Cecil preferred to stay with the Monsons.

Cecil and Monson seem to have been good friends, and it was revealed later that both had been receiving money from Mr. Tottenham, of London. In August, 1892, Monson became bankrupt.

During the following January he and Cecil tried unsuccessfully to raise cash on Cecil's expectancy in the Hambrough estate. Then, in May, 1893, Monson took a lease of Ardnamont House, Argyllshire, about five miles from Kames pier.

NAMES ON LEASE.

Since he was a bankrupt, Monson could not contract the lease, so it was done in the names of Cecil Hambrough and a Mr. Jerningham. This man Jerningham was put forward by Monson as Cecil's guardian and sound security. The rent of the place was £450 for the season, payable in portions.

Monson and his wife and children went to Ardnamont, Cecil joining them after he had finished his period of training in the Militia. In those days the Militia was a sort of preparatory stage to entrance into the Regular Army.

Two months later, in July, negotiations were started to get an insurance on Cecil's life. Finally, the Mutual Life Assurance Company of New York and Glasgow accepted the proposal for a £20,000 policy, divided into two of £10,000. Monson paid the first premium of £194.

These policies were dated August 4th. Three days later Cecil wrote a letter to Mrs. Monson assigning the policies to her "as security against all liabilities incurred by you on my behalf, and in the event of my death occurring before the repayment of these moneys you will be the sole beneficiary of these policies."

At the trial it was emphasised by the defence that if Cecil died (as he did) before he was 21, the policy money

could not be recovered. Monson swore he did not know this, and it was suggested Cecil was showing gratitude for kindnesses.

Just at this point there comes into the picture a new character.

On August 8th there arrived at Ardnamont a man named Scott, whom Monson introduced to Cecil as an engineer. This man came, it was said, to inspect the machinery of a yacht Monson had bought on behalf of Cecil. Scott was made a welcome guest by Cecil.

On August 9th the three went to Ardnamont Bay to fish. Scott stayed on shore, while Monson and Cecil pulled out in a boat. The two did not return until midnight, and both were drenching wet. They laughingly explained that the boat had struck a rock and filled, and Monson related how he had swum ashore for another boat to pick up Cecil.

At the trial the Crown alleged that Monson had tried to drown Cecil, for it was found that a hole had been cut in the bottom of the boat. Monson's reply was: "Far from trying to drown him, I saved his life."

Next morning, August 10th, Mrs. Monson, the children and the governess, went to Glasgow. Monson, Scott and Cecil went out shooting. Monson carried a 12-bore shot gun. Cecil's gun was a 20-bore.

"SHOT BY ACCIDENT."

The three were seen entering a wood by a witness named James Dunn. Not long afterwards Scott and Monson returned to the house and told the Butler that Cecil had shot himself by accident. The butler and other servants returned with Monson to the spot. Cecil's dead body was found. He was lying on his back with a gunshot wound in the head.

A doctor was called. He saw no cause for suspicion, and it was decided to convey Cecil's body to Ventnor, Isle of Wight, for burial there. Scott left Ardnamont.

The matter would have ended there had not this Mr. Tottenham approached the insurance

company on Mrs. Monson's behalf. The insurance company started investigations. Cecil's body was exhumed. Monson was arrested on August 20th.

The doctor who had first seen the body had not observed that Cecil Hambrough had been killed by shot from a 12-bore gun. The prosecution, led by Mr. Asher, Q.C., the Solicitor-General, emphasised this point. Monson's reply was that he had changed guns with Cecil.

Monson declared that Cecil Scott had separated from Cecil in the wood. They heard a shot, had called out to Cecil, but, getting no reply, they had walked in the direction of the shot and had found him dead.

VANISHED WITNESS.

A curious thing about this was that Scott, in spite of searches, was not to be found to give his evidence. He had just vanished.

When he failed to appear at the trial the court passed sentence of "outlawry" against him.

The Crown argued that, according to the position of the body when found, Cecil must have been struck by shot from a gun held horizontally.

Monson replied that he and Scott had removed the body some distance.

Competent witnesses on both sides disagreed on various matters (such as at what distance shot fired from a gun will begin to spread. Small wonder the jury themselves were unable to decide with exactitude and so brought in their Not Proven verdict.

As for the man named Scott. He did appear again—in May the following year. He turned up as a figure in a conjurer's entertainment at an Edinburgh theatre. And while in Edinburgh he appealed to the High Court of Judiciary to withdraw the "outlawry" sentence; which the Court did.

Ninety-four witnesses, a judge, a jury, and many lawyers could not settle the problem of the death of Cecil Hambrough. Fewer experts might have solved it, I think.

HOME TOWN NEWS

before any lark, and after what it's like beyond the horizon." Second of the Old Ladies today is Mrs. Fanny Jones, of Seven Sisters, near Neath. Yes, Welsh Wales.

Let it rain, let it pour—John Taylor's on the job. One Sunday in the month he relaxes, if there's no extra pressure on the shipyards.

"What's all this about too old at ninety?" he asks.

"What—me retire!" says Old John. "I'll wear them all out yet. Including Hitler."

"I lay ten to one a single pipe of this shag would turn the old Fuehrer's stomach."

THREE OLD LADIES PASSING BY.

FIRST, Mrs. Mary Smith, of Craghead, Co. Durham, who is just five years off the century.

And, at 95, she is learning to walk again.

Last year she broke her thigh. Doctors said she must take to her bed permanently, with perhaps a few minutes a day in an armchair.

"Granny" Smith refused. Once her broken thigh was mended she insisted on learning to walk.

"I've been in Craghead fifty years," she said. "Let's see

what it's like beyond the horizon."

Second of the Old Ladies today is Mrs. Fanny Jones, of Seven Sisters, near Neath. Yes, Welsh Wales.

She is over 79. But she was the first woman in Seven Sisters to pass her A.R.P. test. Now she is doing her full warden's duty.

Apart from this—and her housework—she is raising funds for comforts for the Forces.

Our Third Old Lady is one hundred years old.

Her favourite recreation is going to the pictures.

Her favourite star was the late all-gallop, all-handsome Ride-em-Cowboy Tom Mix.

She's Mrs. Wake, of Windmere Terrace, South Moor.

But, she says, there's no one in these modern times to touch Tom Mix. Except perhaps her "big lad" Jack.

He's only 87, and lives in Washington, Co. Durham.

Mrs. Wake visits her "big lad" regularly, and does the journey alone, although she is over a hundred.

Here's a tip: If any of your girls are hanging back from the altar, show them this, and let them see all three of the Old Ladies is called "Missus."

MODERN YORKSHIRE WESLEY.

MINISTER of the Central Hall, Scarborough, the Rev. L. A. Newham, has been following in the footsteps of the famous preacher, John Wesley, during his holidays.

Mounting on horseback—to which he has been accustomed since childhood—the Rev. Newham has gone round Yorkshire villages, preaching in chapels, churches—and on the village green.

His services have been well attended. Sometimes nearly 200 people have gathered to hear him.

He will go preaching on horseback during his holidays next year, he says.

PLYMOUTH IS PHOTOGRAPHER'S PARADISE.

Okay, you Plymouth boys!

If you haven't had all the photos you wanted from home—here's the reason why.

When we were at Plymouth we happened across a queue that went right around the Hoe.

"What's this?" we asked. "Banana sale?"

"Bananas nothing," they said. "This is the Plymouth photographer." So we joined the queue.

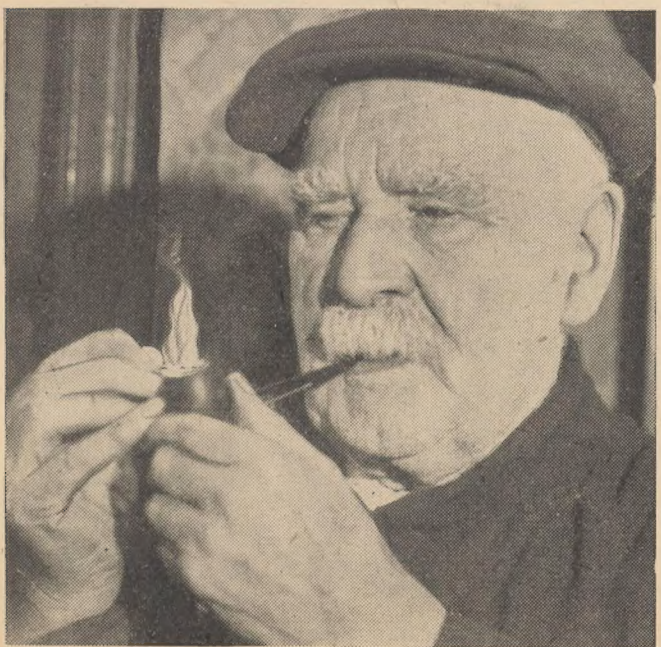
And here's the story:—Once a month, The Photo-

grapher of Plymouth—and he's the only one—opens his Appointments Book, and the queue starts.

Wives, sweethearts, mothers, wait their turn so that you can get a photograph. Once this month's photo ration is ended, you have to wait for the next. That's the reason for any delay you've found.

What's the photographer's name? Sorry, boys!

When we reached his shop he was closed for the next thirty days and nights.



HE'S AS TOUGH AS HIS SMOKE.

"THIS is no pipe of peace," says 89-year-old John Taylor, of Hedley Street, South Shields.

No, sir! Old John's shag is the toughest hereabouts—and Old John's just as tough.

Oldest shipyard worker in Britain, he's up at 5.30, long

Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS—92

- Place the same two letters in the same order, both before and after RI, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of BORROW COUGH to make a Sussex town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOOK into PLAY, KISS into CURL, SOME into SHOW, PANTS into VESTS.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from WATERSPOUT?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 91

- ESTRANGES.
- BRENTWOOD.
- GOLD, HOLD, HOLE, HOME, TOME, TIME, TINE, MINE.
- PARK, PARE, PANE, LANE, LONG, LONE, TONE, TOME, TIME.
- YEA, YET, BET, BAT, BAG, NAG, NAY.
- Pier, Ripe, Puce, Soul, Pure, Soil, Silo, Sips, Sure, Ruse, Rice, Rise, Rile, Lore, Role, Rope, Pore, Pour, Purl, Puss, Pile, Sour, Curl, Cure, Rule, etc.
- Price, Louse, Souls, Pours, Slope, Poles, Spore, Pores, Clips, Close, Slice, Super, Ropes, Cross, Sores, Roses, Poses, Copes, Coups, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

- FACE CUT FEES.
- RIPE PLUMES.

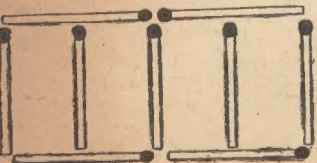
(Answers on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

Miss Maude Wright was a London waitress in 1936, and she was remarkable for knowing the whole of Shakespeare's plays inside-out. At least a quarter of them she knew by heart, and when an actor faltered in a line she could generally prompt him accurately—from the gallery. Her favourite plays were "Hamlet" and "Othello," but she didn't think much of "Romeo and Juliet."

In 1749 a person advertised that he would, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, play on a common walking-stick the music of every instrument in general use, and then get into an ordinary quart bottle, and, while there, sing several songs, and allow any spectator to handle the bottle.

At the appointed time the house was crowded, among the audience being the Duke of Cumberland and other celebrities. They sat for a while in patience, though uncheered by music, but after a while signs of irritation such as cat-calls began to be heard. When the audience realised that the whole thing was a hoax there was a riot, led by the Duke of Cumberland, who called to pull down the house. The mob broke up the benches, tore down the scenery, pulled down the boxes, and left the theatre a complete wreck.



Solution to Match Puzzle in No. 129.

DR. JEKYLL FACES THE
HORRORS OF HELL

IT chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their way lay once again through the by-street, and that when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

"Well," said Enfield, "that story's at an end, at least. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Utterson. "Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling of repulsion?"

"It was impossible to do the one without the other," returned Enfield. "And, by the way, what an ass you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr. Jekyll's! It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did."

Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

"So you found it out, did you?" said Utterson. "But if that be so, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll; and even outside I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset.

The middle one of the three windows was half-way open, and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

"What! Jekyll!" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low, Utterson," replied the doctor drearily, "very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much indoors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation, like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is my cousin—Mr. Enfield—Dr. Jekyll.) Come now; get your hat, and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to, very much; but no, no, no; it is quite impossible; I dare not. But, indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure. I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is really not fit."

"Why then," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, "the best thing we can do is to stay down here, and speak with you from where we are."

"That is just what I was about to venture to propose," returned the doctor with a smile.

But the words were hardly uttered before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such abject terror and despair as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below.

They saw it but for a glimpse, for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word.

In silence, too, they traversed the by-street, and it was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare, where even upon a Sunday there were still some stirrings of life, that Mr. Utterson at last turned and looked at his companion.

They were both pale, and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

"God forgive us! God forgive us!" said Mr. Utterson.

But Mr. Enfield only nodded his head very seriously, and walked on once more in silence.

Mr. Utterson was sitting by his fireside one evening shortly afterwards after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

"Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?" he cried; and then, taking a second look at him, "What ails you?" he added; "is the doctor ill?"

"Mr. Utterson," said the

man, "there is something wrong."

"Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you," said the lawyer. "Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want."

"You know the doctor's ways, sir," replied Poole, "and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in the cabinet; and I don't like it, sir—I wish I may die if I like it. Mr. Utterson, sir, I'm afraid."

"Now, my good man," said the lawyer, "be explicit. What are you afraid of?"

"I've been afraid for about a week," returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question, "and I can bear it no more."

The man's appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face.

Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. "I can bear it no more," he repeated. "Come," said the lawyer, "I see you have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is."

"I think there's been foul play," said Poole hoarsely.

"Foul play!" cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened, and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. "What foul play? What does the man mean?"

"I daren't say, sir," was the answer, "but will you come along with me and see for yourself?"

Mr. Utterson's only answer was to rise and get his hat and greatcoat; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler's face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her,

JANE



YES, IT IS TRUE CLOTHES LEFT ME, BUT THAT WAS BECAUSE I WAS NOT MAN ENOUGH TO DEFY HAGEN!— IF SHE KNEW —

OH DEAR!— THAT REMINDS ME!—



MY ASTONISHING RESEMBLANCE TO THE QUEEN HAS SERVED US BOTH FOR A TIME, SIR, BUT HOW AM I TO CONTINUE THE FARCE WHEN HAGEN CHALLENGES ME TO SHOW THAT SCAR?— HE WILL KNOW THE QUEEN IS NOT HERE!



YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MISS JANE!— THE QUEEN IS HERE!!!

and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawn texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door was opened on the chain, and a voice asked from within, "Is that you, Poole?"

"It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door."

(To be continued)

ROUND THE WORLD
with our
Roving Cameraman

THE GIPSIES WHO WON'T CIVILISE.

They are constantly in conflict with the authorities. They won't live in houses. They won't be "educated." Their children won't go to schools. They won't enter military service. They just won't do anything but what they want to do. They live in tents, sleeping with their donkeys beside them. If anybody tries to get near the camp their dogs begin to attack. They are the real original Gipsies, and about 140 of them live near Bucharest, in Rumania.

the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted.

He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for, struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity.

The square, when they got there, was all full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief.

But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white, and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

"Well, sir," he said, "here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong."

"Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

for today

- What is a cachalot?
- Who wrote (a) The Luck of Eden Hall, (b) The Luck of Roaring Camp?
- Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Mid-on, Wicket-keeper, Long-stop, Linesman, Cover-point, Umpire, Scorer.
- What is a burnous?
- Where is Botany Bay?
- What is a naiad?
- What is meant by a bonne-bouche?
- Where does the areca nut grow?
- Who was Adam Bede?
- Of what European capital was Lutetia the ancient name?
- What is the diameter of the earth from North to South Poles?
- What is a scalene triangle?

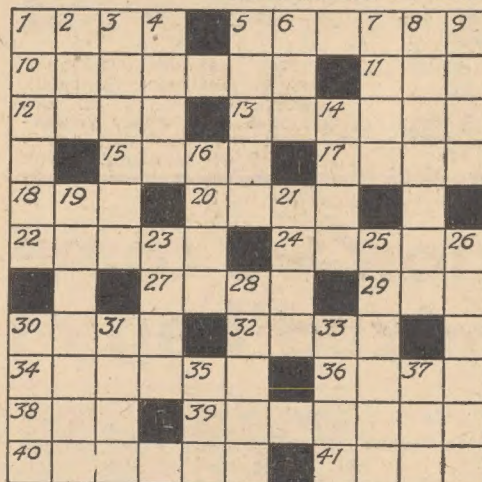
Answers to Quiz
in No. 129

- A weasel-like animal.
- (a) Maeterlinck, (b) J. M. Barrie.
- The Tay is in Scotland; the others in England.
- A variety of cheese.
- 24,902 miles.
- Kidnapping.
- Gentleness.
- The wood of an Australian mahogany tree.
- Hero of a novel by Smollet.
- Doctor of Divinity, Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.
- 1755.
- A large clasp knife.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.
—Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826).

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Wool twisted for spinning.

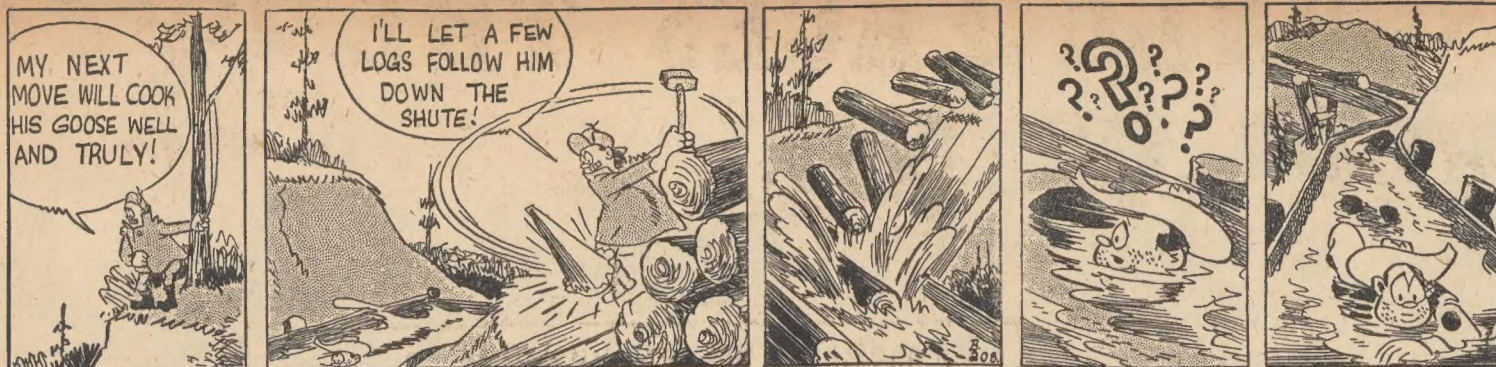


CLUES DOWN.

- Bespatter.
- Sign of Zodiac.
- Perfect place.
- Scottish island.
- Same again.
- Rower.
- Talented.
- Akin.
- Bureau.
- Wild goat.
- Pain.
- Of an English county.
- No more than.
- Specimen.
- Sense of taste.
- Dormant.
- Recesses.
- Rabbit's tail.
- Concerning.
- Goes astray.
- Definite article.
- New Zealand parrot.

ASSETS AWAY
SOP EUCLID
HURDLE SNAP
TEAL PODGE
CHESTER YEA
R HARES R
ABC LACKEYS
FRAME LINE
TARE SUNDAY
CONRAD URE
WELD DECENT

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



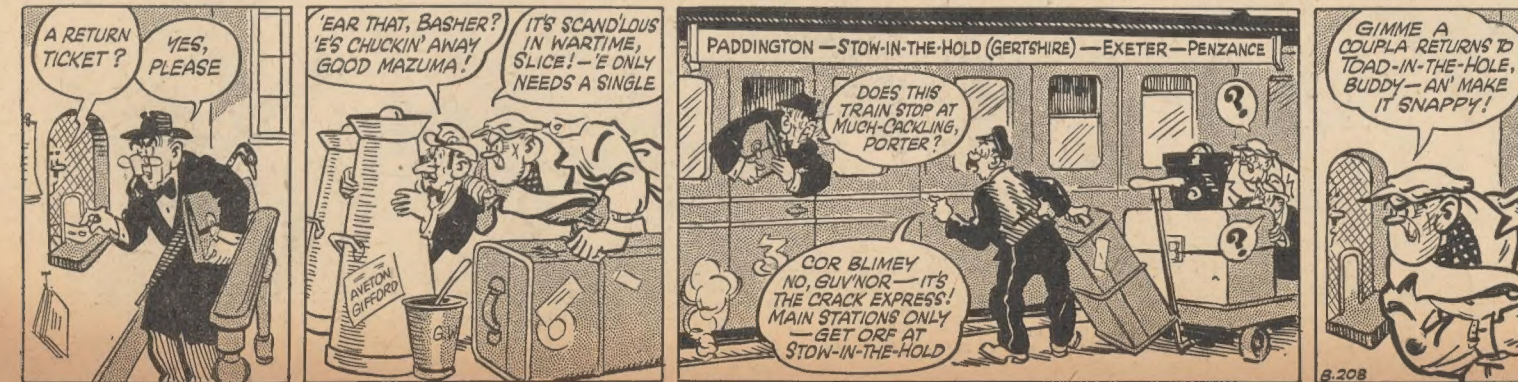
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Solving the egg problem

By J. BOKER-JONES



ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the collection of thousands of gulls' eggs in all parts of Britain next year to supplement the diminished supply of hen's eggs. More than 15,000 eggs were collected during the laying season (mid-April to mid-June) at Plas Dinam, Lord Davies's Montgomeryshire estate, this year.

In flavour, gulls' eggs are almost indistinguishable from chicken's eggs. The shell is a mottled brownish-green, the yolk is pinker than a hen's egg, and the white is more opal in colour. In bulk, twenty gulls' eggs equal about twelve chicken's eggs.

The price ranges from ten a shilling for the people who collect them from the gullery themselves, twopence to threepence each by the time they reach the London market, one shilling each by the time they leave the market, and anything from one-and-six to five shillings each when they are served hard-boiled with a plate of salad in West End restaurants.

The sources of supply are limited. The black-headed gulls don't scatter their eggs willy-nilly around the sea coast. They favour a gregarious existence on a few selected sites.

Nearly all the eggs which come to market are collected from two nesting grounds on the East Coast. During the season the largest of these gulleries gives up two thousand to three thousand eggs a day.

In pre-war times a supply of eggs—about 3,500 a day during the nesting season—was imported from Denmark and Holland. To make up this war-time deficiency the collection of eggs in the British gulleries has this year been doubled. The gulls can take it.

Each hen bird lays between ten and twelve eggs. The largest gullery has more than a thousand nests.

Even if 50,000 eggs are taken during war-time—instead of the usual 25,000—there is still a margin for the hedgehogs (which infest gulleries), for the gulls themselves (who in dry weather eat each other's eggs), and for the poachers (who fill their pockets when the bird-watcher isn't looking).

Gulls share their nesting ground with various species of terns, oyster catchers and ringed plovers (all protected birds). They follow the plough on the mainland for worms and insects, and congregate for a fish course on the seashore. They lay their eggs in roughly made nests on the sand dunes.

Ornithologists say that if gulls' eggs are collected on a big scale, the advice of qualified bird-watchers should be taken. Otherwise rare species of gulls may become extinct.

"Some types of gulls in certain districts are too numerous," says Sir Montagu Sharpe, chairman of the Council of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. "On the other hand, there are rare types which ought to be preserved. To take their eggs might mean that they would disappear from Britain."

If you think you don't like gulls' eggs, close your eyes and try to distinguish the flavour from an ordinary hen's egg.

You'll probably find that the gulls' egg is fresher than an ordinary shop-bought egg—that's all. And if you're interested in food values, there isn't any difference from a hen's egg, except a slight variation in size.

Answers to Mixed Doubles

- (a) CAUSE & EFFECT.
(b) PURE & SIMPLE.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



LOOK OUT!!

Some guy's going to get hurt. When Paramount's Dona Drake shoots, she shoots to kill, and when she wets the arrow, boy, oh, boy, we tremble.



This England

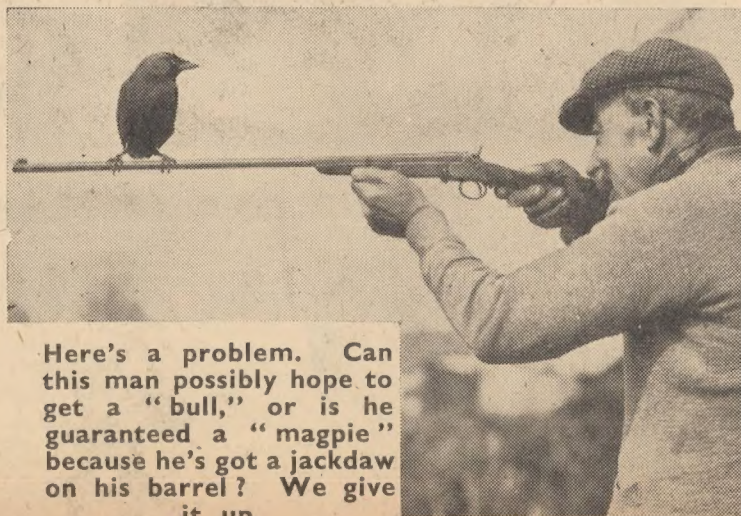
By Finchingfield Pond, said to be one of the prettiest villages in Essex.



"Well now, isn't that funny. I just turn this lovely shiny thing and something strange comes trickling out. I can't even squeeze it."



Curiosity may not have "killed the cat" (as we are often told) but it certainly looks like depriving it of a feed at any rate.



Here's a problem. Can this man possibly hope to get a "bull," or is he guaranteed a "magpie" because he's got a jackdaw on his barrel? We give it up.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Shooting a 'sitting bird' huh?"

